PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. TWO, NO. FOUR CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, JULY 27, 1926 TEN CENTS

WE OFFER YOU "HAMLET"

MRS. MEADE WILLIAMS

MRS. MEADE WILLIAMS died at her home in Carmel last Saturday morning. She was the mother of Jesse Lynch Williams, Mrs. V. Mott Porter and Burton Williams of Carmel, Professor Tyrrell Williams of the Washington University, St. Louis, and David R. Williams of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Even those who knew Mrs. Williams only after she came to California to declining days are not likely to forget the wit and youthfulness of that vigorous and lovable personality.

James Harvey Robinson, the author of "The Mind in the Making", remarked after having been brought to see her in Carmel a few years ago, "If there had been a screen between us during my memorable conversation with that brilliant old lady, I would have thought from the youthful ring of her lovely voice and the quickness of her mental reactions that I was listening to a woman in her forties, not one approaching eighty. As it was, I knew that I was talking with one of the most remarkable women I had ever met."

She was one of those whose spirit remains young and gallant to the end. She never grew too old to take in new ideas. She became a woman suffragist after the age of sixty. She enthusiastically welcomed the advent of the late lamented "Progressive Party". She was interested in the so-called new generation. She once told a member of her own family, "You may as well stop trying to shock me," adding smilingly, "You see I was brought up on the Bible and had to read the Old Testament." Before abandoning her annual trips to the East she once remarked, "California is such a comfort to me. I always drop my conscience when I cross the Great Divide."

Her maiden name was Elizabeth Blaine Riddle. She was related to James G. Blaine on her mother's side, but she came of theological and scholarly stock. Her grandfather, Dr. Matthew Brown, was president of Jefferson College, now Washington and Jefferson, and so, later, was her father, Dr. David H. Riddle. One brother, Dr. Matthew Riddle, the Greek scholar, was one of the thirteen revisers of the New Testament. Another was a Presbyterian clergyman. And as her husband, the late Dr. Meade Creighton Williams of St. Louis, was also a Presbyterian clergyman and as, back of that, she had an heredity of eight successive generations of Scotch covenanter ministers, "It's no wonder I am so wicked," she used to say.

As a girl she was sent to the school now known as Ogontz when it was located on Chestnut street in Philadelphia. She was the most brilliant scholar of her time, and long remained a tradition of the school. As a child she was a house guest of Washington

(Turn to Page Eight)

Prominent Citizens of Carmel

Number Three

THIS IS BOOTS REMSEN, pedigreed West Highland terrier. An aristocrat to the ear-tips and, according to his family, the best, most intelligent dog in Car-

mel and surrounding country for a radius of at least a thousand miles. He is cultured—a cosmopolitan—and has lived in Utah, Arizona, California and Mexico. He is the only dog so far to have perfected dog-language so that it is understandable by human beings—particularly by children, to the disgust of heir mothers. The generic root is "Bwudda" with prefix or suffix as the case may be of a vowel sound. It conjugates—

adda-wudda-a adda-wudda-i
adda-wudda-e adda-wudda-o
adda-wudda-u

Boots' hunting cry is "de-wudda-dewudda-ah-O!"—warranted to strike cold terror to the hearts of gophers and other evil-doers when heard of a frosty morning.

Boots has a sense of humor which he took to the Grand Canyon with him. He was looked down upon by the dogs there, who take up coyote-hunting in a serious way, for

(Turn to Page Thirteen)

By W. K. B.

WHATEVER IT IS that is rotten in Denmark will be hunted to its lair this week-end by Bert Heron when he walks the boards of the Forest Theater Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights as the most popular and perhaps prominent character of Shakespeare. If there is such a structure as The Seven Arts building in Carmel, housing the most attractive bookshop in the state, Bert Heron, who happens to own it, hasn't been aware of its existence for the past two weeks or more. The result promises to be that Carmel residents and visitors will see the best production of the famous play they have ever seen presented short of famed Shakespearian actors. Bert Heron is a Shakespearian scholar. He knows the English bard as well as though he had spent vacations with him on the Avon and if there is any one accomplishment of the Elizabethan playwright Heron knows better than any other it is Hamlet. In the title role of that play he will appear at the Forest Theater this week-end. If a natural ability to act, a fine appreciation of the drama, an acute understanding of Shakespeare, an innate love of the art of the theater, and an indefatigable effort to accomplish the perfect mean anything at all, Bert Heron's interpretation of Hamlet will go down in letters of gold in the history of the Forest Theater.

It is both surprising and inspiring that men and women with nothing but the desire to fulfill what may be termed a spiritual exultation can bend so superlatively the human will and physical strength to a purpose as has been exemplified by those who are banded together in the cast that is to produec Hamlet at the Forest Theater. It has been no round of ordinary rehearsals for the production of an amateur play. It has been a devotion to an ideal. There has been about the rehearsals of Hamlet something above and far beyond the mere practice of parts. There has been a dedication of talents that will carry the cast through ordeals no professional could meet and understand.

This is not an effort to pay tribute individually—Heron was chosen for an opening tribute because I know so well what he is doing—the players will get their meed in due time. It is only a sincere endeavor to let the public know how fine a thing is being attempted in this Hamlet and how fine is the attempt.

COMMEDIA EVERY THURSDAY

Commedia del Arte is held every Thursday evening at the Hestwood Studios, corner of Monte Verde street and Santa Lucia avenue. Visitors interested in the Commedia idea are always welcome on these evenings.

POLISH PEASANT CRAFT

AN EXHIBITION of Polish art and handcraft, which includes handloom weaving, tapestries, embroideries, wood carving, painted wooden novelties and decorative design in striking color effects which characterize Slavic expression, will be shown in Carmel at Fraser Looms Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

This exhibition has caused considerable interest where it has been shown recently in San Francisco and other cities of the bay region, especially among artists, designers and decorators.

Poland has long been known as the land of great musicians and novelists but few have realized that this country has a most ancient art tradition, kept alive for centuries through the faith and idealism of its peasant people. Intellectual artists of Poland came to recognize this and have gone to live, to study and to work among the peasants. The Society of Polish Applied Art has been the outcome. At the International Exhibition of Decorative Arts in Paris last summer this organization brought before the world the bold and beautiful artistry of the Polish peasant and attracted the attention of artists and art critics. The Polish exhibit took high honors.

Of especial beauty and originality are creation of the Tara mountaineers. The inhabitants of these villages lost among the mountains, far from cities and railways, have possessed from time immemorial their architecture, ornamentation, painting and sculpture. Stanislas Witkiewicz, painter and critic, took up his residence in Zakopane at the foot of the Tatras, and began to collect, describe and copy the finest specimens of "Zakopane Art" which now has great popularity in Poland and has also been adopted in France.

These mountaineers manufacture handsome articles in majolica, wood-carving, embroideries, wool weavings and "kilims" (rugs and wall hangings). The illustration on this page shows an especially unique kilim woven in wool, the design of which is taken from an ancient painting on glasss. It is called "The Fire Dance" and illustrates a legend concerning the "Gorals", bandit mountaineers, who in olden days waylaid and robbed the caravans which traversed the mountain passes from Cracow to Constantinople. There is a great variety of color and design in these Zakopane kilims, some pictorial, others purely conventional and quite adaptable to modern furnishing.

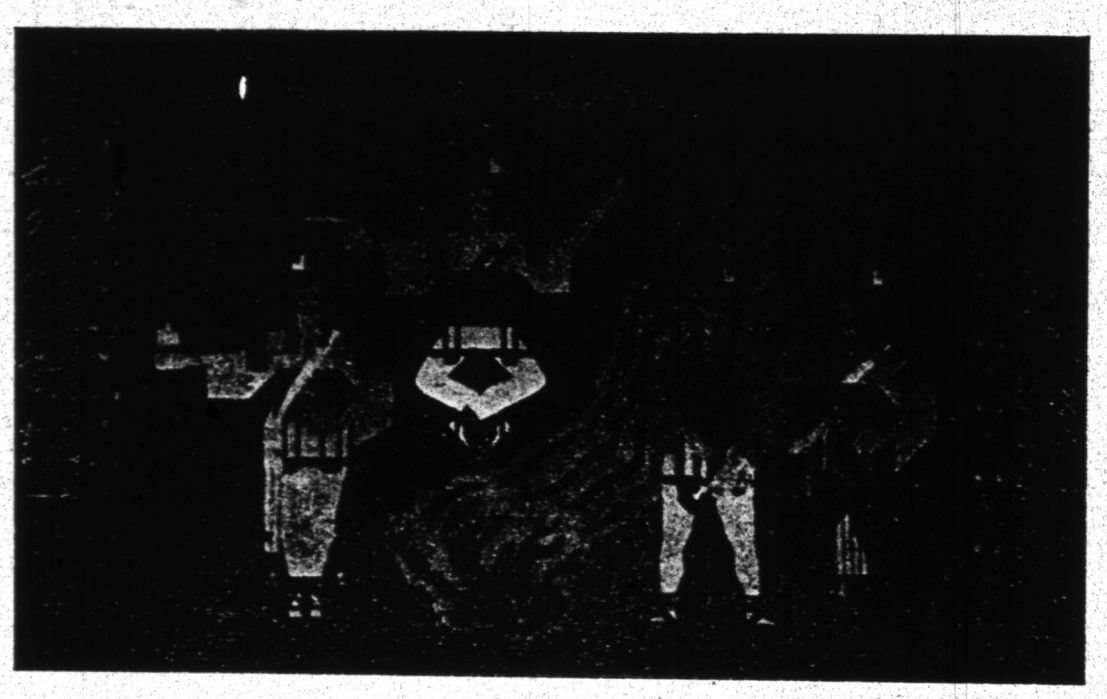
NEW LIBRARY DESIGNS ON DISPLAY

Proposed designs for the Harrison Memorial hospital are on display in the windows of the Paul J. Denny Motor Sales company for the survey of the public. These designs were submitted recently to the library board merely as the ideas of six local architects and designers and the trustees will later decide what type of building is desired before any definite action is taken regarding the selection of a design.

BOTKE PICTURES AT ELDER'S

Charcoal drawings by Cornelis Botke are on display at the Paul Elder gallery in San Francisco.

THE FIRE DANCE



An example of Polish "kilim".

Adventures in Eating Out

No. 8

WE'VE BEEN THERE when we were the only ones seeking food—because it was the middle of the afternoon when all respectable people had had lunch long since! And we've been there when we had to take the last vacant table. We know that it doesn't make the slightest difference—the lunch that Miss Smith serves you in the Adobe Tea Room on Polk street in Monterey is always perfect in every detail. It's not only perfect in the way it is served, but the food is something to remember with joy. A sort of despair at the inadequacy of our vocabulary seizes us when we think of the lemon pie—how could anyone do justice to that? The melting sweetness of that smooth golden cream, just tart enough, the delicacy of the white meringue and the flakiness of the crust which held it all—and "all" stands for a sector so big and generous that it is no wonder that men, who are proverbially reported to disapprove of tea roms, go to Miss Smith's without the slightest sign of reluctance! Indeed, we always feel grateful to Miss Smith when we eat there because she gives us a helping that is more than a tantalizing sample of her delicious food.

The Adobe Tea Room has the charm of all old, irregular buildings, with its series of rooms scattered about and opening off each other at unexpected angles. It is a Gift Shop also, where you may find the latest books, and an almost bewildering number of quaint, unusual and fascinating objects, both foreign and American. Etchings and paintings and sketches adorn the walls.

If it is a warm, sunny day—and Monterey does have them when Carmel doesn't—you can eat out of doors in the old garden under pergolas covered with vines.

—D. C.

BRIDGE BEING REPAIRED

The Carmel bridge below the Mission, is undergoing repairs. A temporary road has been constructed across the bed of the river.

INTERIOR DECORATING
FURNITURE
DRAPES

SEVEN ARTS BUILDING
Zanetta Catlett
Kennedy Owen

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE HOME

is not necessarily the most expensive. Your house can be unique in appearance—both inside and out—and yet be reasonable in cost. A charming house, no matter how small and simple, will raise the value of your own and neighboring property.

Only beautiful homes belong in beautiful Carmel!

HUGH W. COMSTOCK
Designer and Builder
6th and Torres Street **Carmel**

BIBLE FOR FLAPPERS

By Gene Hailey

THAT "Our young men shall take wings and fly" is a well recognized prophecy in the Bible. It would accentuate the obvious to mention that there is an increased interest in flying among the fashionable youths of the army and navy as well as among those who can support a hangar with a string of flying flivvers.

Another allusion to the youthful pursuits of this generation may be found in the verses which complain of the carryings of the Dotters of Zion. These charming and popular young girls must have spent most of their time driving roadsters downtown and then parking while they went window shopping before and after matinees and tea-dance hours.

Witness this quotation; "Moreover . . . because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet. In that day the Lord will take away their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon. The chains, the bracelets and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets and the earrings. The rings, and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples and crisping pins. The glasses, and the fine linen and the hoods and the vails . . . and she being desolate shall sit upon the ground." Which all being brought up to the minute, suggests "permanent waves" were "in", then, and that those who had no walking shoes had to wail in desolation upon the ground, because they could not walk home from the "huggy ride". Elsie Robinson, please copy, and advise.

FEININGER, "BLUE FOUR"

OF THE GROUP known as "The Blue Four" in modern art, about whom Madame E. E. Scheyer will lecture at the Denny and Watrous studio on Thursday evening of this week, Lyonel Feininger is considered the American—solely, perhaps, because of that strange and rather absurd idea of our forefathers who provided in our Constitution that nationality should be a matter of geography. But, as Madame Scheyer will probably explain in her talk here, he is the most easily understood of "The Blue Four". His parents were both musicians. He began his career as an illustrator of European comic papers, but later became known internationally as a painter. He is also a composer of music and his work is being played in the great music centers of Europe. He is one of Germany's most beloved artists of today.

Feininger paints in oil and water color and composes semi-geometric landscapes in wood-block prints. With these, the aesthetic layman, who seeks to project his mind into the mood of modern art, can have a pleasant afternoon guessing the names of the Feininger works of art, and usually right in substance. Wood-blocks are the by-products of the European artists' works, in-so-much as they are done in quantity and enable the students and worshippers of the artist to own inexpensive originals of the "master's work". They are not, however, by-products in content, for all the agony, poetry and feeling of more aggressive mediums can be found expressed in line, mass and form of simplest black and white. —G. H.

ART GALLERY SELLS PAINTINGS

Three pictures from the Carmel Art Gallery were sold recently. They were "Grandmother's Bouquet" by Elizabeth Covington, bought by Mrs. Lungrin; "The Garden" by William Silva, and "Mount Baldy" by Francis Clarke.

JASMINE BUSH TO OCCUPY NEW DOLORES STREET BUILDING

Mrs. J. L. Rockwell and Mrs. B. E. Hopkins are moving "The Jasmine Bush" to their new shop on Dolores street, and will open there the first week in August. The new shop is in the English cottage style with plaster walls and pointed roof, and will be a fitting home for the importations of the Jasmine Bush. Scarves from Tunis, bright-colored wool rugs from Sardinia, tooled leather work from Italy and Algiers. There are hand-blocked silk squares with designs taken from Pompeian tiles, and little sweet-smelling boxes made from the dried skins of lemons, and numerous other things,

OLD MEXICAN RESIDENT DIES

The death last week of Louis Tarango took a familiar character from the streets of Carmel. Tarango, who was seventy-nine years old came to Carmel from his birthplace in Mexico more than fifty years ago. He was without children of his own, but he adopted and cared for more than a dozen boys and girls and was highly respected throughout the community.

CURRENT STORIES BY CARMELITES

Carmel writers are well represented in the current magazines. The following compilation has been made:

"Stubborn Jim" by James Hopper in Good Housekeeping for July, "Higher Criticism" by Anne Shannon Monroe in Good Housekeeping for July, "Bad Men Ride Into Town" by Frederick R. Bechdolt in Cosmopolitan for August, "Li'l Goofydust" by Robert Welles Ritchie in Saturday Evening Post for July 1, "The Old Woman" by Adrian Spadoni in Sunset for August, "The Meaning of the Eucharist" by Michael Williams in Forum for July. Jesse Lynch William's popular play, "Why Marry?" is re-printed in the Golden Book for June.

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES TO MEET

The Federated Missionary Societies will meet Wednesday, July 28, in the Methodist church. The ladies of the Presbyterian group will be hostesses. The subject is "Korea" and a Korean program has been prepared.

Lucille Kiester
PINAFORE PLAYHOUSE
EDUCATIONAL TOYS
Chase Dolls . . . . .
Mary Moore Handmade
Children's Dresses. . . .
Court of The Golden Bough

Flor de Monterey
FLOWER SHOP
Fremont and Mesa Streets
Trees, Shrubs and Flowers
Telephone 928-J
Nursery 748-J

The Jasmine Bush
Carmelo at Twelfth
Rugs and Baskets from Sardinia . . Importations from Tunis and Algiers Italian bags. . . . .
Open Every Afternoon

WHITNEY'S
[Formerly Basham's]
BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON
FOUNTAIN DRINKS
HOME-MADE CANDY

TWO LETTERS

EDITOR, THE CYMBAL:

Reading in your interesting paper that the Carmel Fire Department is endeavoring to obtain funds to continue the social privileges provided for the fire fighters, the officers of this company desire to contribute twenty dollars and enclose its check for same.

It is, of course, unnecessary to speak of the good work done by the Carmel Fire Department, and it is the writer's opinion that Carmel has as fine a volunteer department as there is in America. Surely the citizens of Carmel must appreciate the value, and enough subscriptions should be received so that the firemen can build and maintain their own club rooms.

Yours very truly,
CARMEL LAND COMPANY.
Paul Flanders

EDITOR, THE CYMBAL:

The officers and members of the Carmel Volunteer Fire department take this means of thanking the public-spirited citizens of Carmel who so generously contributed during our recent campaign for funds

Returns as checked to date are quite encouraging and the department hopes to establish a small emergency benefit fund to assist members who may be injured in the line of duty.

As soon as a complete list of donors is compiled it will be made public through the Press.

We wish to express our appreciation of the splendid cooperation given us by the Carmel Pine Cone, The Carmel Cymbal and the Peninsula Herald—the unstinted publicity contributed so much to the success of the drive.

Carmel Volunteer Fire Department,
By B. W. Adams, treasurer.
Carmel, July 26, 1926.

THE BARRY EXHIBIT

WILLIAM J. BARRY, artist and designer, is in Carmel and is exhibiting his work at Pine Inn. He works in painted silks and velvets, making evening wraps, shawls and hangings for walls. Two of his murals on velvet, "Old Ironsides" and "Romance", are to be placed in the beach club Casa del Mar at Santa Monica. They are beautifully colored designs of sweeping rhythmic lines portraying the old sailing ships. His evening wraps are decorated with brilliantly-colored flowers, one in particular taken from a famous Austrian motif,and others using Egyptian and other patterns. The materials he uses are very lovely, and his murals would make charming and graceful decorations for any room, while his evening wraps and shawls would be a joy to wear.

This is Barry's second annual exhibit. When he leaves Carmel he will go to Lake Tahoe and exhibit at Tahoe Tavern, returning to his Hollywood studio in September. He plans to show his work in the East and in Europe next year, and at the same time make observations over there of what he can use in his designs. With his feeling for color and design he will undoubtedly make good use of what he finds there.

PERSONAL MENTION

MRS. ALINE BARNSDALE, who has been occupying the Gene Byrnes house on Monte Verde and Eighth avenue, has left for a trip to Europe.

* * *

Miss Marion Peake and a party of friends from San Francisco are in Carmel for a week

* * *

Mrs. Jeannette Taylor of Baltimore and Mrs. Ridley are returning to San Francisco after a two-weeks' stay in Carmel where they occupied the Burns cottage on San Antonio.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Bixby are staying at Pine Inn for a week. On Thursday they were entertained at a luncheon at Kays which included Mr. and Mrs. C. Halsted Yates and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Welles Ritchie.

* * *

Mrs. Rose J. DeYoe and Mrs. Lily Hansen have returned to Carmel after spending nearly a year abroad, chiefly in Southern France and Italy.

* * *

Mrs. Mary May has gone to San Francisco for an extended visit.

* * *

Mrs. Harold Crane of San Francisco has been staying with Judge and Mrs. Thomas Taylor over the week-end. Mrs. Crane is Mrs. Taylor's sister, and mother of Clarkson Crane, the writer.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Remsen gave a luncheon at Kays on Wednesday. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Stewart Brown of new York, Francis Carey of Baltimore and Captain Hawkins.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs C.Halsted Yates entertained at bridge Thursday evening. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bixby and Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper Orcutt.

* * *

The regimental dinner of the 346th. and 347th. Field Artillery was held Thursday evening at the Mission Tea House.

* * *

Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn has been staying at Peter Pan Lodge, Carmel Highlands. She is interested in a cooperative hotel for business girls and students to be built in New York shortly.

* * *

Miss Katherine Klinkenberg, Miss Grace Edwards, Miss Elizabeth Martin and Miss Mary Allen Tutt, daughter of Dr. John M. Tutt, international lecturer on Christian Science, are visiting Miss Ernestine Renzel. They came out from Kansas City to attend the Kappa Kappa Gamma convention at Mills College.

* * *

Gran Green of Pasadena, old newspaper man and friend of Frederick R. Bechdolt, after a two-months' motor trip through California looking for a place for his new home, has decided on Carmel and will build here.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Anderson and Miss Jean Anderson of San Mateo spent a week at Peter Pan Lodge at Carmel Highlands.

* * *

Mrs. Almer Lundin and Miss Dorothy Lundin of San Jose are in Carmel for two weeks.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Craft have as their guest Ward Sullivan of San Francisco.

* * *

Redfern Mason, music critic on the Examiner, and Mrs. Mason, are here for the summer.

* * *

Miss Elizabeth Radgesky of Berkeley is in Carmel for two weeks, visiting her sister, Miss Marcelle Radgesky, who is with the Carmel Land Company.

* * *

Cooley Wetmore, of William Cavalier and Company, Oakland, has joined the Reserve Officers Training Camp for this summer.

* * *

Talbert and Winsor Josselyn went to Salinas on Wednesday for the opening of the Salinas Rodeo.

* * *

Eleanor Mason Armstrong is in Carmel for the summer. She is a niece of A. E. W. Mason, novelist and playwright, and a cousin of the writer, David Graham Philips. Mrs. Armstrong is a writer herself, and is the author of several plays in French, which were produced by the Shakespeare Club of Pasadena. She is also teacher of French in the Pasadena Senior High School and Junior College. While in Carmel Mrs. Armstrong is working on a play in English.

DEATHS

WILLIAMS—at her home in Carmel, California, July 23, in her 85th. year, Elizabeth Riddle, widow of Rev. Meade Creighton Williams, formerly of Saint Louis, Missouri. Funeral private. Interment in Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

FRASER LOOMS

Exhibition of

POLISH PEASANT
ART AND HANDICRAFT

July 28 to 31
inclusive

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

Edited and published by W. K. Bassett on Tuesday of each week in The Court of The Cymbal, Seven Arts building, Carmel, Monterey county, California. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel Thirteen.

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Notes and Comment

IT WAS OUR PLAN to head this column of comment this week, "Blankly Squeaking", but were counseled against it as laying us open to a charge of plagiarism.

* * *

WE ARE a beleaguered village this week. The San Francisco newspapermen have dropped down upon us, dogging the heels of the puffy-chested loud-lunged "investigators" who are having the time of their lives being important in the so-vital matter of where a hair-brained religious charlataness was spending her time when, according to her story, she was busy being kidnapped by bandits in Mexico. It is all so American, and, as with most things that are characteristically American, it is all so asinine. Carmel finds its name in huge type on the front pages of the San Francisco and Los Angeles newspapers, not because something has happened here that is actually worth while, or because someone is here or has been here who is anything laudable in the realm of humankind, but because a fool woman who tried to find indiscreet relaxation in absence from an insane worship of other brainless persons had so little wit that she fobricated an unbelievable story about her disappearance. There happen to be people in Carmel who have a thought a day that makes the whole empty philosophy of Aimee McPherson resemble the maudlin oratory of a wine bum, but a grocery boy gets his picture on the first page of the "monarch of the dailies" because he happened to deliver necessities of life to a philandering evangelist.

* * *

BEGINNING with the next issue The Cymbal will cease to go through the mails to other than paid subscribers. This means that there will no longer be free "advertiser's copies" mailed out and that those who have failed to pay for their subscriptions will not receive papers hereafter. We have found it necessary to adopt this policy because of the second-class mail regulations of the postoffice and because of the high cost of the publication of the paper.

Also, a limit will be established in the number of papers supplied to the newsstands. For the past two months we have supplied newsstands in Carmel, Monterey and Del Monte with a total of 200 papers. They are handled by the Seven Arts, the Carmel News company, Staniford's Drug store, the Smoke Shop and the Palace Drug company in Carmel; the Adobe Tea Room and Gift Shop and the Palace Drug company in Monterey, and the Del Monte Hotel newsstand. Sometimes we have return copies from these agencies and at other times we are asked to provide extra copies to one or more of them. This compels an uncertain production of the paper and in some cases results in a waste. We can't afford to print unnecessary copies of The Cymbal, and it is impossible for the newsstands to know in advance how many they will require each week.

Therefore, to make our press run certain hereafter, we will print only enough papers to provide the newsstands with 200 copies (until it is established that they regularly will require more) and to supply our paid subscribers, together with 25 copies for our office files and a sufficient number for advertisers if they desire to call for them.

This will mean, perhaps, that if you are not a regular subscriber to The Cymbal, you will fail to obtain your desired copy. You can circumvent this unfortunate circumstance by sending in your subscription at once so that you will get your paper at the postoffice early each Wednesday morning—and for less than you pay at the newsstands. And if you are interested in The Cymbal you would perhaps like to know that when you do this we get more for each copy.

* * *

THE OTHER DAY one of our local painters of note came into our office and announced that he did not intend to hear the lecture of Madame E. E. Scheyer at the Denny and Watrous studio Thursday evening of this week on the art of "The Blue Four" because, he said, she couldn't tell him anything. He followed this up with something like this: "These four blue birds aren't doing anything of value. They have stopped at a point far back in the development of pictures by artists accepted today. Their results are nothing more than child drawings. They show no development that would be interesting to me."

Now, the funny thing about this is in a realization that the German Republic has virtually subsidized Lyonel Feininger, one of "The Blue Four." in order that he will remain as a resident of Germany. If Uruaguay had done this, or Morocco, or some country which has felt the long drought of national publicity, we wouldn't think so much about it, but God knows Germany doesn't need any fake advertising, and God also knows, if he knows anything at all, that Germany can rather sit back and chortle at the rest of the world in the matter of art creation and art appreciation. German periodicals are today casually printing examples of art over which an American and English publication would raise regular Anglo-Saxon whoops.

And this local artist might also learn from Mme. Scheyer that Feininger, and others of "The Blue Four" teach the so-called academic art of the day if their students want to study it, but they do it rather disdainfully and with the left hand, so to speak.

* * *

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH it will be necesary for A. P. Fraser to write another letter to the board of trustees declining something. A week ago he discovered that under the state law it is a felony for one sitting in judgment of his fellow men to accept any part of a fine imposed on the defendant before him. Judge Fraser thereupon indited a letter to the board requesting that the provisiion granting him such remuneration be eliminated from the resolution appointing him to his position. This action was taken by the board, but Trustee Wood decided that the $10 that remained as compensation for the judge was not enough for Fraser's arduous task and framed a new resolution raising the fixed amount to $20, and then, on second thought, to $25. Now it appears that the state law specifically stipulates that the salary of such an official shall "not be raised or lowered during his term of office". That certainly raises a complication that in turn calls for another letter to the board.

* * *

WHILE WE ARE ON recommendations and suggestions The Cymbal advises anyone arrested by the Bakersfield speed cop in our midst to plead not guilty and demand a jury trial. No twelve good and true men or women of this fair city will find a traffic law violator guilty in the face of the knowledge that Judge Fraser will impose a fine of $20 for the first offense. That decree of the court is absurd and everybody in town with the possible exception of the judge himself appreciates the absurdity of it. If the editor of The Cymbal had been as smart as he thought he was when he appeared recently before Judge Fraser for backing sixty feet in front of the postoffice he would have demanded a jury trial here. He has since learned that in jury trials before the local court the defendant does not have to pay the costs of the trial, win, lose or draw. The editor of The Cymbal pleaded not guilty so that he would be tried by Judge Fraser in order to determine for himself if the court actually did lose its head a bit and impose a ridiculous fine. He determined it speedily and appealed to the superior court in Salinas. No judge over there is going to impose such a fine for such an offense, but the cogitation now is whether or not the time lost from setting type and sweeping floors and running a press in a newspaper office is not worth more than the time required to go to Salinas and stand trial. He has therefore about made up his mind to re-appear before Judge Fraser, withdraw his appeal and pay the twenty-dollar fine. He is kicking himself that he didn't know about the inexpensiveness of a local jury trial. He is guilty of the "crime" charged—he doesn't deny that—and a jury would find him guilty, under ordinary circumstances. But no jury in Carmel is going to turn anyone over to the justice of A. P. Fraser because the brand he has—well, because he hasn't any. And if this be contempt of court, let him make the most of it.

* * *

ONCE THERE WERE three important morning newspapers in San Francisco. They were the Call, the Chronicle and the Examiner, given in the order in which

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

The Convergence of Fundamentalism and Evolution

By Professor C. T. W. PATRICK
Univer ty of Iowa

IT may be wort while in the present article to review some of the limitations of the general theory of evolution as the twentieth century has revealed them and to inquire as to its real meaning. Incidentally, the inquiry may bring out some unexpected points of convergence between views which hitherto have seemed wholly contradictory. Such an inquiry will naturally limit itself to organic evolution, although a passing reference may be made to the question whether anything answering to the name "evolution" occurs in other fields.

Even in organic evolution an initial difficulty appears, and this is the question of the applicability of the word to the processes described. Literally the word "evolution" means an unrolling process of unfolding by which the implicit becomes explicit. Although Bateson in an address some years ago did actually propose such a theory, it was never taken very seriously by the scientific world, and perhaps was not intended to be so taken. Such a view would be attended by the blackest mystery. Evolution as it appears in the actual world is just the opposite of an unfolding process. Even the simplest Darwinian variation, much more a mutation, is a real increment, a novelty, a new creation, a veritable plus. I shall refer again presently to this all-important fact. Here it is sufficent to say that evolution is essentially an epigenetic, or building-up process.

Returning then to our discussion of the causes, manner and meaning of evolution, we may say at once that as regards its causes, they are unknown. It is only in the popular mind that the struggle for existence, heredity, variation and natural selection are regarded as the causes of the development of life. According to Darwin's hypothesis, if we grant the struggle for existence, that is life and its insurgency, and if we grant heredity, and if we grant variation, why then we can understand the "manner" of evolution, because advantageous variations would be preserved by natural selection.

The anthromomorphic character of the word "selection" has now come to be well known. Selection implies discriminative appraisement. What we have in Darwinian evolution is the disappearance of unadaptive forms. There has also in recent years been a great deal of misunderstanding in the popular mind about heredity. Biologists who lecture on the Mendelian laws and the continuity of the germ plasm probably have no intention of claiming that these laws really explain the ultimate mystery of reproduction and heredity, but they are often so understood. The Mendelian laws, which have indeed completely revolutionized the study of genetics, reveal in a wonderful way the method of distribution of characters in the offspring, but of course do not explain why the offspring resembles the parent. Indeed, Mendel's laws, as Professor Caullery points out, actually embarrass us a good deal in the study of evolution, since they relate to the distribution and combination of the factors already existing. Likewise it is only in the popular mind that Weismann's theory of the continuity of the germ plasm is constantly increased, one codfish producing perhaps a million eggs, and in this increase the whole mystery of heredity is involved. It is only the form that is actually continuous from generation to generation. The new form resembles the old. Heredity is resemblance. And so it is with variation and the struggle for existence. The causes are both unknown. The struggle for existence is merely another name for insurgency of life, and life is insurgent because it is life.

Concerning the manner of evolution, we find at the close of the first quarter of our century a disheartening uncertainty. It is just here that the last twenty-five years have seen the greatest change, and this change is manifest in the growing disappointment with the Darwinian selection theories. Keeping in mind that Darwinism is merely one of several theories as to the manner in which organic evolution has taken place, we must remember that the growing distrust of the Darwinian hypothesis does not indicate any distrust of the fact of evolution. Darwin's selection theories were most brilliant, ingenious and captivating. They completely won the scientific world, and a quarter of a century ago there were few who doubted their adequacy. In fact, we may say that there are few biologists to-day who would belittle Darwin's contribution or cast doubt upon the value of the theory of natural selection. But as a complete description of evolution, it sadly fails. That new species have arisen merely by the natural selection of small chance variations is a belief that is far weaker to-day than twenty-five years ago and appears to be steadily losing ground.

If, however, Darwin's selection theory still constituted a workable hypothesis, then our interest would be immediately transferred to the assumptions upon which the theory depends, namely, the struggle for existence, variation and heredity, none of which is understod. The latter fact does not, of course, in itself weaken the value of Darwin's theory, since the struggle for existence, variation and heredity are real facts. I only weakens the vast claims that have been made for Darwinism in explaining the present world of living beings, and it should be remembered that Darwin himself made no such vast claims. They are legends which have gradually grown up.

Since the valuable work of De Vries in the study of mutations, the mutation theory has to some extent supplanted Darwin's theory of small variations. Mutations are simply large variations. According to present-day biological nomenclature, all heritable variations are called mutations. The mere machinery of evolution remains the same as in the Darwinian plan. Mutations that are advantageous in the struggle for existence are preserved by natural selection. If, however, the mutation theory were used to explain the origin of species apart from the Darwinian theory, then the mutation theory could hardly be distinguished from so-called special creation. New species just appear. But if the the mutations are simply to take the place of the original small chance variations, then the difficulty in explaining variations is intensified in the case of mutations. Darwin expresed great perplexity as to the cause of variations. What then would he say as to the cause of mutations? As regards the workableness of the mutation theory, it has some advantages over the theory of small variations, although difficulties enough remain. But as for explaining the present world of living beings, it stands just where the Darwinian theory stands, except that the embarrassment that Darwin felt about the cause of variations becomes amazement when we reflect upon the cause of mutations. On the whole, the mutation-selection theory as it stands at the present is a very doubtful explanation of the origin of the species: that is, of the origin of the species that exist and have survived in nature.

Other theories of organic evolution than Darwin's are awakening interest to-day, but they have not passed out of the stage of speculation. Lamarck's theory commands new interest, as do the various orthogenetic theories. Lamarck introduced the important idea of the influence of desire and effort on the part of the organism in determining the direction of evolution. Here we have one of the causes of evolution clearly expressed. Lamarck's theory is not strictly a theory of evolution according to the exact meaning of the term, but it may be called a theory of development. Evolution means unwrapping, the implicit becoming explicit. By development is meant the revelation of the successive phases of something in which there is a manifest unity. It is the potential becoming actual. In Aristotle's metaphysics there is outlined a wonderful theory of the world that is distinctly developmental. Both Aristotle and Lamarck proposed theories of evolution which carried with them at the same time a kind of explanation of evolution, which Darwin's did not.. A Lamarckian might indeed well adopt the Aristotelian view of the world as a great movement in the realization of ideal species and of higher values.

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THE WORLD THE ONCE-OVER

Tunis, Nov. 15

WE CAME to Biskra to the Hotel de Sahara by airplane—two hundred miles in two hours and a half—across mountains and desert—a glorious trip! Now we are in Tunis. The Arab quarter is simply fascinating,narrow, winding, covered streets filled with bazaars—perfume, leather, silk carpets—everything in the world. A funny little perfume merchant who calls handkerchief "snickerchief" and thinks it correct, guided us about yesterday and showed us the interior of the Palace of the Bey, and the Arab divorce court where husbands take their wives, and upon paying six francs, are rid of them in about two hours. Pretty soft!

We went out to ancient Carthage Monday andhad lunch at an Inn where a tame white pigeon took bread out of our hands and where, among the ruins, we found two pieces of tile (made B. C.) which we shall use as paper weights.

Tomorrow we take the boat for Italy. It is too cool for comfort at night, since none of the hotels have heat and all marble floors.

Rome, Nov. 22

We traveled hard and fast from Palermo to Rome and made it in thirty hours steady riding. For two reasons—the first is the cold. Every place over here has tile floors and no stoves. Outside the weather is crisp and glorious, but you can't live on the streets all the time. And the only way to keep warm inside is by going to bed. The second reason is that constant traveling like ours is most awfully wearing. Constant change of cooking, long train rides and the like eventually begin to take their toll. As a result, you begin to find that instead of considering the Spanish and Italian habit of bumping into you on the sidewalk a quaint little habit, you begin to bump back and employ your elbows. and instead of thrilling to the noise of traffic on cobblestone streets and joking about the shrill automobile horns, you long to tear up the cobbles and yearn to annihilate the horns! New York has the silence of the dead compared to Rome—or so you think when you are tired.

Rome is perfectly fascinating, and I like all of Italy I have seen coming through on the train. I'd like to write you more particularly about the old and new charm of Rome, if I had time, and of the home for friendless cats where all the inhabitants look like sleek, well-fed old men and women in a Presbyterian home!

Paris, Dec. 3

We're here (Lafayette!) in our own apartment in the Latin Quarter in a cunning little street right between Boulevard Raspail and—guess!—Boulevard Montparnasse! Now ain't that thrilling? When we said we were looking for a small furnished apartment the French people simply smiled and shrugged their shoulders. All the same, within two days of our arrival in Paris, we found this little place, two rooms and a very complete kitchenette. (You takes your bath of a Saturday in the kettle!) We are on the first floor of a large studio building, so have our own private entrance, and our outlook is a low, ivy-covered wall with a view of great studio windows beyond. All of which is most work-inspiring!

It is a great comfort to have a place of our own for a while after such a long siege of hotels. We cook our breakfasts and lunches and that is another great comfort.

* * *

The most exciting recent event was the dinner party I gave last night. You can understand the difficulties when I tell you that there were six of us, and that my kitchen equipment consists of a gas stove with only two burners. And with that as a basis I had cream of celery soup, fried chicken, peas, mashed potatoes with gravy, to say nothing of salad and cake (bought) with a cooked chocolate sauce. It took some engineering with that tiny kitchen and a toy stove. And the other two "ladies" do not speak English, so, what with serving the food and carrying on a sprightly conversation in French, I had a large evening.

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The Change That Came to Poictesme

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

JAMES BRANCH CABELL in his new book "The Silver Stallion" has added many new legends to the Poictesme saga. The story opens with the disappearance of Dom Manuel, the leader of the Fellowship of the Silver Stallion. He has journeyed westward never to return and his passing has been witnessed by no one but the child Jurgen. Around the tale of a fearful eucharist and Dom Manuel's transportation to glory, there grew a myth which became the incenitve to righteousness of the new generation.

No sooner had this squinting lusty warrior passed from among them than his widow, Dame Niafer, raises a glorious monument to his memory, only surpassed in grandeur by the story of his spotless and noble character. The other nine lords of the fellowship do not recognize this Manuel, now called the Redeemer, and it is only after prolonged protest that they submit to the fiction. But Poictesme must have its saint—and Niafer with the aid of Holy Holmendis sets about the salvation of that unholy land. This overwhelming task they accomplish in one generation by hero-worship and devotion to an ideal.

The nine remaining lords of the Silver Stallion to whom Dom Manuel's memory was dear, not because of its purity, but because of many deeds of untainted rascality, go to the various dooms allotted them without much sorrow at parting from a changed Poictesme.

And now, as Cabell says, the tale is of the passing of these lords and their long journeys into the unknown. Gonfal goes to the isles of wonder where his chastity is threatened by the dark Queen Morvyth of Inis Dahut. Miramon Lluagor, with the accidental aid of his wife, sets free the bright bees of Toupan. Coth of the Rocks who swears to bring back the Manuel whom he loves and to destroy the infamous myth of purity which has grown around his name, sets out on his long quest. He finds his Manuel among the shades and with the ironical fate of the faithful is told that things must go on as they are and that all is for the best. Thus, after many adventures, amorous and otherwise, a changed Coth returns to Poictesme to submit to the legend of Manuel the Redeemer.

Guivric travels towards his doom and passes through the hall of his ancestors, wherein he loses the sense of his identity. "One of these strangers had Guivric's high thin nose, and another just his long thin hands, and another his prim mouth, and another his excellent broad shoulders. Guivric could recognize all these fragments of himself moving about the gray room; . . . that almost accidental patchwork was Guivric: the thought was humiliating."

Kerin goes in search of the truth at the request of his wife who pushes him down a well. When he brings back upon a piece of paper the one thing that is wholly true, she lights the lamp with it. So was produced that soft golden shining for which she had sought, and Kerin reflects that. "'It was the summit of active wisdom to treat the one thing which was wholly true as if it were not true at all."

And so on and on, until all the sagas are said and all the dooms accomplished. Finally Jurgen, at the request of a woman, goes to the statue of Manuel to replace the resplendent jewels of that shining figure with pieces of colored glass. As he looks more closely at them however he finds that he has been forestalled—by a woman—for the famous jewels have always been glass, placed there in the beginning by the hands of Dame Niafer. So is woman in all her frailty revealed as the heartless, false and indispensable creature that she is.

And the great legend of Dom Manuel the Redeemer goes on and keeps the new generation from perdition. The whole thing is a bubble, an invention, a falsity. Even those who are aware of it bow down to it for the sake of their children and Jurgen after his discovery reflects that even "this emptiness was sacred because of the faith which people had put in it".

As a satirist James Branch Cabell has few equals. Always subtly amused with life on earth, nothing delights him more than to see it through the wrong end of the telescope. His tales are always cryptic and full of wisdom. They are more than imaginative, for they have not grown from the intellect but from a rich understanding of human nature. They are not dogmatic for they contain a delightful criss-cross of contradiction. "Creeds mean very little," says Coth of the Rocks. "The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds; and the pessimist fears this is true."

"THE SNOW QUEEN"

IN THE PRESENTATION of "The Snow Queen" at The Theatre of the Golden Bough last week-end Gerda Wismer Hofmann definitely proved her ability as a stage director as well as a dramatist. Her choice of a cast for the beautiful fantasy made from Han Christian Andersen's story was particularly fortunate and discerning.

Mary Elizabeth Swinnerton demonstrated her talent in the important role she essayed. There is undeniably a Barrie quality in the character of the little girl in the play which required fine acting on the part of Miss Swinnerton.

Elizabeth Sampson as "Kay" was properly boyish and used her voice well.

Louise Walcott, who has the genius for fitting perfectly into almost any character she attempts, was the essence of grandmotherliness. As the hag in the robber scene she was realistically repulsive.

Mrs. Hofmann as the robber girl, with her perfect understanding of the character, was as near perfect as possible.

The children were themselves. Their voices were sweet and harmonious, and in spots they unconsciously furnished a great deal of amusement.

The crow scene was one of the most amusing in the play and Billy Sheppard, who portrayed Peter Crow, did a very good piece of work.

The play was a perfect realization of what we might have visualized "The Snow Queen" to be when we first heard the fairy tale many years ago. —M. F.

MRS. MEADE WILLIAMS

(Continued from Page One)

Irving at Sunnyside. He was a friend of her father's. One of her early recollections was of Stephen Foster, the author of "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Way Down Upon the Swanee River". He used to come and play the flute with Dr. Riddle, her father, and would try out his new songs on the family.

Mrs. Williams was born in Pittsburg in 1843 when her father was pastor of the Third Presbyterian church there. Later they lived in Virginia and West Virginia and in New Jersey. Being the daughter of one clergyman and the wife of another, it fell to her lot to live at various times in all the the northern states east of the Mississippi, except New England, and also in two west of the Mississippi.

Whether or not this, with some time spent abroad, made her less provincial in her outlook and manner than she otherwise might have been, it undoubtedly made her more widely known and loved. For she had the rare gift of endearing herself to all sorts and kinds of people. In her case it was really a gift and not a cultivated art, because, to tell the truth, which she was fond of doing—even at a period when it wasn't done—she used to be bored by the adulation and sentimentality of the dull. "Oh, I wish people would not love me so much," she used to say with her merry laugh. But it was hard not to.

Mrs. Williams had five children. They are all alive and though their homes are now scattered from New York to California, each of them has spent a part of nearly every year with their mother. Three of them were at her bedside when she died, and all but one, as well as three of her seven grandchildren, were in Carmel for the funeral on Monday.

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THE SUPERWOMAN

THIS PAINTING by Roberta Balfour, known to us in Carmel as Roberta Balfour Thudichum, is now hanging in the Oakland Museum. Mrs. Thudichum now has an exhibit of her paintings in the foyer of The Theatre of the Golden Bough.

Our Insignificance

By DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

STARLIGHT"—a title that suggests a book of poetry or a modern romantic novel. But this little volume lying beside me contains within its covers such breath-taking and fascinating reading, such absolutely awe-inspiring mystery and romance as you will find in no poetry or fiction. But let me tell you first what it is.

"Starlight" is the second volume of a set of books being published by George H. Doran and called "The Humanizing of Knowledge Series", the object and plan of which I can best give you in the words of the editors:

"The editors of this series of books plan to present to the average man, for his delight as well as his information, great and little understood truths, the results of scholarly research. They will spare no pains to secure the best minds of America and Europe for carrying out their purpose, which is primarily to give in vital form for daily use the discoveries and conclusions of men great in their respective fields, which might otherwise be veiled in scientific language for years. This will be no ordinary series of books, but one into which not only scholarship goes, but also the firm intention to create vivid, readable, entertaining essays on subjects of which no modern human being has a right to be ignorant."

The editors in charge of this interesting series of volumes are James Harvey Robinson, author of "The Mind in the Making", Dr. D. T. MacDougal, Director, Laboratory for Plant Physiology, Carnegie Institution of Washington, and John Farrar, editor of the Bookman. The first two books, already on the market, are "The Humanizing of Knowledge" by Robinson and "Starlight" by Harlow Shapley, the director of the Harvard Observatory. Next in order of publication will be "The Atom" by Charles Bazzoni and "The Green Leaf" by Dr. MacDougal.

In "Starlight" the subject of astronomy is dealt with in a way that makes it clear to the ordinary intelligent adult just how much is known about the realm of stars and how it was found out. All the recent discoveries of astronomers are explained, and answers are given to questions about which you have probably wondered vaguely for a long time. The language is simple and direct, and while you might describe the book as "popular science", it is in point of fact much more than that for you have the reassuring knowledge that what you are reading is absolutely scientifically accurate and correct to the least statement. The author of each volume in this series is the man best qualified to speak with authority—the man who is recognized as the leading light in his particular field.

If you want to know how the distance to the stars is measured, why the earth goes along without being bumped into by some of the billions of other stars, why we aren't buried under the ten millions of meteors that strike the earth's atmosphere every day, and other matters of that sort, you should certainly read "Starlight".

The casual way in which Professor Shapley speaks of millions of millions of miles, or millions of millions of years is rather staggering. It gave me the feeling of watching some one who is handling high power explosives without thinking of the effect on the innocent bystander.

And if you are accustomed to thinking of the sun as the most important luminary in the heavens, you are liable to be a trifle shocked by the time you have finished the book. Why, the poor old sun merely "measures up well in mass. volume and luminosity with the other dwarf stars of its class," says Professor Shapley. "Dwarf stars"—! And in another place he remarks with a touch of condescenscion, "The sun has long since passed its prime of brightness and slowly approaches senility."

Every one has experienced that crushing sense of smallness and unimportance when gazing up into the sky on a bright starry night. It is, according to Professor Shapley, quite justified. He ends his book by assuring us that "The future history of the stellar system appears, indeed, thoroughly independent of our temporary terrestrial career. Man's station in this scheme is not too flattering—an animal among many, precariously situated on the crust of a planetary fragment that obeys the gravitational impulses of one of the millions of dwarf stars that wander in remote parts of a galactic system. His place in the universe, from the standpoint of dimensions, duration, or physical influence, is unimpressive; and his importance in some non-material way is a subject not suited to scientific research or speculation. We leave the subject here, noting that man's role as an investigator and would-be interpreter of the universe is surpassingly fascinating, whether or not it is cosmically significant."

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By JOAN RAMSAY

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Green of the fields . . .
Sea-blue and sky-blue . . .
A pale mist of violets in the twilight . . .
And is bordered
With the black fringe
Of night . . . .

PATHWAY

By GRACE WICKHAM

(In the San Francisco Review)

I SEE the colors of thy loves ahead
Of thee, along thy smooth path, gorgeously
Piled up in shapes of hill and cloud and sea
Lit by thy flame. Mountains of rose and red
And broad blue loves, purpled mysteriously;
Gold dappled green ones, brilliant as a bed
Of daffodils; brief figured ones are spread
Like little patterned scarves of ecstacy
Around thee. Strong loves roll out many a mile
Of varied shades, and breath-taking bizarre.
Short ones rush by. All thy soft way there are
Many little ones to make thee smile,
Great ones that rise above thy head and meet;
Mine, the long silver love that keeps thy feet.

BROUN ON INSPIRATION

By HEYWOOD BROUN
(In the New York World)

Numbe Three

SOME of the othe hacks in the nearby alleys tell me that their pride is in slow and methodical composition. There are those who hate the first draft, but love to refine and polish. But not for me. I've never had any fun except the first time round. To live with a piece of one's own writing and seek to make it sanitary by minor surgery—that's what I call punishment. I would as soon be a bad dog and wear a dead hen at my collar.

As a matter of fact, I believe that any excursion into words must be pretty nearly right the first time or it never will. The author who doubles on his tracks may find a few "T's" worth crossing and it won't hurt if he adds a little punctuation. But if this story of his will lie still and let him tread all over it, then the thing is dead and not worth the meddling. Good stories scamper to their feet and dash right down to the composing room the minute the last sentence has been completed.

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SCIENCE

I TRY to look sane and be humble,
I try to accept all you say;
But the things I knew yesterday crumble,
And I know I know nothing today.

You have probed in the Atom to find it
Quite empty except for a few
Electrical whirls . . . I don't mind it;
And I hope I believe it is true.

As for Space, it is curved and a straight line
Projected will swallow its tail.
What becomes of a figure-of-eight line
I shudder to guess! I grow pale

When you murmur that Time's a dimension,
The Fourth (or I err, as I may!)
And no doubt there will be an invention
To keep it from passing away.

You tell me my mind is my body,
And my consciousness is but a sham;
When I comfort my vitals with toddy
I **drink** I am thinking of Rye!

For it seems I am simply behaving
And mp consciousness is but a sham;
Thus it isn't yours truly who's raving
Like this—it's my Thyroid. O damn!

I was fairly strong once on Libido,
All the Freudian symbols I ate;
But now you have shattered my Credo
And given complexes the gate!

No, we **aren't** what our chromosomes make us
Heredity's dead, you explain . . .
First, you fool us—and then you forsake us
O Science, you give me a pain!

If you'd only sit down for a minute!
If your truths didn't flow like a stream!
Well, I don't think there's anything in it!
I'm a dumbbell—and life is a dream.

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SLASHES OF LIFE

By Robert Welles Ritchie

Number One

THE BEACHCOMBER

POOR OLD DEVIL! He snubbed me, and he a beachcomber.

Let's call him 'Owson—that's the way he would have pronounced it, being Cockney. He was so far gone in drink and disrespectibility he didn't mind shedding tears when he begged one for the price of a drink—in fact, he couldn't help the tears.

But once he must have been a prime newspaperman.

It was in Yokohama a lot of years ago Brandt, from Hoboken, and I were getting out an American newspaper by devices at which I still marvel. There being only two on the staff besides the little Jap translator I was' by courtesy, managing editor and Brandt was everything else. Oh yes, there was Ichiban, head printer and master of the old Washington hand press; he received four dollars a week for his priceless services.

'Owson, who was by way of being crippled in a manner entirely aside from alcoholic reactions, ever and anon would have his 'rickisha boy carry him up the flight of stairs leading to our office and, spilling over from a chair, he would tell us some maundering tale from the waterfront. He was our only ship news reporter, and then only occasionally. We paid him on the piece work system, you might call it. He blessed us volubly for each yen's dole.

One ghostly night of storm when blobs of snow hit the windows of the Advertiser office like porous plasters there was a scrabbling and a scuffling on the stairs and in burst 'Owson, moaning and complaining on the back of a 'rickisha coolie.

"I 'ave a story, Mr. Ritchie! I 'ave a very nice story. You'll want it, sir!"

We were both busy—marvel of marvels!—so we paid the coolie his fare without chaffering and, to be shut of a bore, we lifted 'Owson to a place at the spare table and gave him a lamp, pencil and paper. Subconsciously we heard the old devil mumbling and complaining to himself as he lit into the hard work of composition. But we paid no attention. Already Ichiban, downstairs, was crying for copy; neither of us could be bothered.

At the end of an hour or so I happened to stroll over to where 'Owson, more than velvet drunk, was bent over the table with one eye brought over to about two inches away from his paper—writing as a man with an engraving tool might trace a monogram on the back of a watch. I picked up a few bits of finished copy by his side and began to read.

Yes, indeed, here comes the melodrama stuff. You remember Kipling's "Man Who Would Be King". Just like that!

What this vicious old drunk had written was a story of sailormen who had tried to run the blockade into Vladivostock—the war with Russia was still going, you understand—and had been caught by a Japanese third class cruiser. Found rather than caught. Found frozen in the ice.

There were the brutal facts about what scurvey had done to those sailormen; what storms in the Okhotsk Sea had wrought with their vessel. How the mate's right arm had been frozen up to the elbow and the ship's carpenter had cut it off above the gangrene, tarring the stump with boiling pitch. How men had gone over-side to repair the rudder when every sea left icicles hanging to their bodies.

And this in blunt Anglo-Saxon—the sort of idiom Daniel Defoe used in his description of the plague year in London.

The chirography was copper-plate—perfect!

Subconscious mind working—a throwback to some golden years when 'Owson was a real scholar? Explain it as you will. But here was a bit of casual literature the like of which Japan and the China Coast had not seen in years.

We printed it, as written. We gave 'Owson ten yen—all of $5.00.

Next day our rival, who had more money to spend than did we, hired 'Owson on a regular salary—and hired a beachcomber who had nothing left in him.

A week later I passed 'Owson in a 'rickisha. He had on a new linen vest. He was shaven. His boots were shined. He was drunk.

He cut me dead.

LOST—Soft doeskin lumberjacket, silk-lined. All nice and dirty. Please return to Rem.

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CYMBALINE SEES CARMEL

OF COURSE," remarked Cymbaline, sitting down and stretching out her legs which were clad in riding breeches and dusty boots, "comparisons are——"

"Oh please!" I interrupted, "don't say——"

"I'm not going to," interrupted Cymbaline in her turn, "I was about to say that comparisons are an inevitable temptation to a person who has recently come from somewhere else, and having been out for a glorious ride, I can't help comparing it to similar outings in the far East! A ride there starts different from the minute you leave your place of abode—I'm speaking now of us who live in the center of cities—because you must take a trolley if you're going to a stable in town or a train if you're bound for the suburbs. In the first case, you trot deco'ously along carefully prepared and planned bridle paths in the park; in the second you traverse paved roads with occasional opportunities to go through fields and patches of suburban woods which you might describe as 'denatured'. And then there's the long return trip—all of which quite effectively robs it of any charm of the casual, and makes an afternoon of riding almost as ruled and regulated as an appointment with an exclusive dressmaker!"

"And, of course, you were going to say that in Carmel—?" I suggested, as Cymbaline paused.

"In Carmel," went on Cymbaline, "riding is almost ideal! You put on your riding things—and you needn't wear a hat or coat or gloves as you would be expected to in Central Park!—and stroll over to Lynn Hodges' or Bettie Greene's stables, pick out the horse whose expression you like, and in five minutes you're mounted and off! And if you prefer a nice comfortable stock saddle you can have it and no questions asked, while in an Eastern riding academy they would probably consider you quite outside the pale if you wanted anything except the postage stamp variety!"

"'And what's more you can strike into trails almost as soon as you leave the stable. After that, you can take your choice of places to ride, but you needn't ever stay on a paved road more than just to cross it if you don't want to. There's such huge gobs of hills and fields and forests open to you on horseback, where the people with cars can't follow you. You can get away from everything—actually out of sight of anything remotely suggesting human beings—in a short time, and not only in one direction, but in several! Why, there are places along a trail through the depths of the Del Monte Forest that are almost frightening, the trees grow so densely and they're hung with moss which looks as if it were the undisturbed dust and cobwebs of centuries. And imagine seeing a coyote or an elk in Central Park, except behind bars—and yet I've seen them more than once when I've been out riding here."

"You might have seen a mountain lion—there was one in Pebble Beach last year, they say."

"Well, I never have," said Cymbaline, regretfully, "deer and crows and buzzards and . . . and . . .seals and pelicans . . . and cormorants—on the Seventeen Mile Drive, of course—and cows and bulls up the valley, are the extent of my wild animal encounters."

"Where did you go today? I believe you were undecided when you started off."

"'I'm always undecided," exclaimed Cymbaline, "because there are such a lot of marvelous trails to take. I guess the one I take most often, though, is around Scenic Drive where you get that sweeping view of the shore and the forest and the reservoir—and then cut down through the pines to the big white sand dune that has crept inshore so far, and along the side of it out to Fan Shell Beach and Point Joe. The water was a brilliant green along the edge today, and farther out it was deep blue, all covered with little white ruffles of white caps. There's something in the air that sets the horses prancing when you strike the shore and I had a gallop that almost took my breath away!"

"You see so much more when you're on horseback than when you fly along in a car."

"Yes," agreed Cymbaline, "It reminds me of the famous bromide about the Salvation Army reaching a class of people nothing else does! Horseback riding takes you into places nothing else will."

Mrs. John Kenneth Turner has returned from a two-weeks' vacation down the coast at Slate's Springs.

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DeNeale Morgan Exhibit

THERE was a private view of M. De Neale Morgan's paintings Sunday, opening her exhibition at Arts and Crafts hall. Tea was served, Mrs. Deming acting as hostess. The reception was one of a series which Mrs. Deming has started at the openings of the various exhibits held at the Arts and Crafts, with the object of bringing together the artists and those interested in art in Carmel. The M. De Neale Morgan exhibit includes her work in both oil and water color, landscapes of the Monterey peninsula. Miss Morgan is well known in this country and abroad, and is a member of The National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, The American Federation of Art, The California Water Color Society, The San Francisco Society of Women Artists, and others. She has lived in Carmel a number of years.

THE 'GAWPY' BALLET

ADELINE ROTTI, instructor in dancing at the summer school of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, and Robert and Harold Hestwood are at work on a "Gawpy Ballett" which will help in the perpetuation of the gulp-'em bird which has already gained fame as the creation of the Hestwoods. The ballet will be a feature of Miss Rotti's recital at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on August 22. Harold Hestwood is writing the music which is said to be ultra modern. Costumes, setting and music will all be Gawpyesque in the extreme when the baby pelican's adventures are interpreted in song and dance to the amazement of the public.

Miss Rotti's recital program will range from drama to comedy, and from classic to ultra-modern music and jazz.

BOOTS REMSEN

(Continued from Page One)

his frivolous attitude toward it. However, he invented a pastime of his own, which consisted of chasing the sheep on the Hearst ranch round and round in circles—always at a safe distance—so that Dick, the ranch manager, looking out of a window, was startled into inquiring what the hell the merry-go-round was?

Boots' buddy and boon companion is Mac Morse, Aberdeen terrier, who played opposite him in Rem's "Gingerbread Man". They were gingerbread dogs, and Boots (being white) was "underdone", while Mac (being black) was "done". Other members of Boots' circle are Tiny, the barber's fox terrier, and Gene Byrne's Great Dane.

McINDOE'S CASE DISMISSED

Fred McIndoe, driver for Anderson's grocery store, was arrested last week for an alleged violation of the traffic laws. He appeared before Judge Fraser, pleaded not guilty and demanded a jury trial. Three days later he was told by Judge Fraser that his case was dismissed "for lack of evidence".

NIECE OF VAN VECHTEN HERE

DUANE Van Vechten, niece of Carl Van Vechten, well-known writer and musical critic, is staying with her mother at Peter Pan Lodge at Carmel Highlands. Miss Van Vechten is an artist herself and is full of plans for a studio that she is going to have when she returns to Chicago in the autumn. It will be on the roof of one of the skyscrapers overlooking Lincoln Park and the Lake. Miss Van Vechten is a very charming and friendly person to talk to, and is evidently enjoying herself thoroughly at Peter Pan Lodge. She introduced me to Tinker Bell, fairy-like grey Persian kitten, the mascot of the Lodge, who, she says, hunts gophers, fleas and humming-birds. Tink jumped on to the hood of the car while we were talking and watched us dreamily with brilliant green eyes. Then suddenly she caught sight of a humming-bird, vanished in one leap, and we saw her no more. —J. R.

CRILEY PICTURES TO BE SHOWN

An exhibition of the paintings of Theodore M. Criley will be shown at the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts on Casanova street beginning next Sunday and continuing for one wek. The pictures will be on display from 3 o'clock to 6 o'clock on Sunday afternoon and on week-days from 1 o'clock to 5 o'clock. The public is invited.

LEMOS COMING WITH CLASS

Pedro Lemos, curator of the Stanford University museum and teacher of art in Miss Harker's school at Palo Alto, is coming to Carmel next week with his summer class in art. There are a total of thirty in the class and they will continue their studies with Lemos in his new studio at Eighth avenue and Casanova street.

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If it be sweets to the sweet, why not beautiful flowers to beautiful women? They all love flowers, and the prettier they are, the more intensely they adore them. In our flower shop you will find the most exquisite blossoms. Send her a bouquet today from our collection and you will be more than amply repaid for your thoughtfulness.

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TASTE AND QUALITY

(Continued from Page Five)

their respective names were used at the head of the famous combination newspaper that was printed in Oakand on the memorable morning of April 19, 1906. One was Hearst with all that that means, the other was always wrong and the Call; you never quite knew where to find it, beginning with the period starting with the notorious graft prosecution. The Call began to show signs of organic exhaustion and Hearst bought it, took it out of the morning field and made it the San Francisco Police Gazette as you now are at liberty to find it. But this cogitation on vital affairs is concerned with the paper that was always wrong; is today always wrong. You are never in doubt where to find the Chronicle. If it is a matter of social welfare, the Chronicle will be against it. If it is a question of fair-dealing with labor, the Chronicle will be against it. If it is a problem of the people against the corporations, the Chronicle will be with the corporations. If ever a man learned completely the lesson which has to do with which side of his bread is spread with butter that man was Mike deYoung. His son-in-law is carrying on the bread-and-butter banner. It is not strange—it would be strange if it were otherwise—that the Chronicle is in the manner of a trade journal of the Republican party. The Chronicle would support the Republican ticket if there was a yellow dog at one end of it and a Chinaman at the other. That is in line with its principle of being wrong. And not rarely, but often, as is the case with persons and things that are chronically (funny, but that was an unconscious adjective) wrong, it is amusing and ludicrous. There was a beautiful illustration of the Chronicle absurdity in its issue of last Thursday. It had a heavy, double-column editorial in support of the campaign of United States Senator Shortridge for reelction, but it pathetically endeavored to hide the real purpose of the editorial. There was an accompanying cartoon depicting a wooden donkey being filled with fruit, canned goods and various other products from every part of the globe and the editorial asked with persistent repetition if the farmers of California the fish packers and the fruit growers wanted to let the "Greek horse" inside the walls through the ruse of Free Trade. It said that the success of the Democratic party and the Free Trade which would follow would devastate the prosperity of the California farmer. It said—in the final paragraph—that keeping Shortridge in the senate would prevent this horrifying and threatening catastrophe of Free Trade, but, it was good as editorials go, especially Republican editorials, it was well nigh the proverbial masterpiece, convincing to the average dumbbell voter. But here's the circumstance that made it unusually silly and inane. On the same page on which it appeared was a letter from a feminine citizen of the state with a questioning turn of mind. She conveyed the information in her unpretentious letter that some male relative of hers has a farm in California and that recently she visited him. And she informed the Chronicle that he just lately sold a ton of plums off his farm. He received a check for that ton of plums and the check

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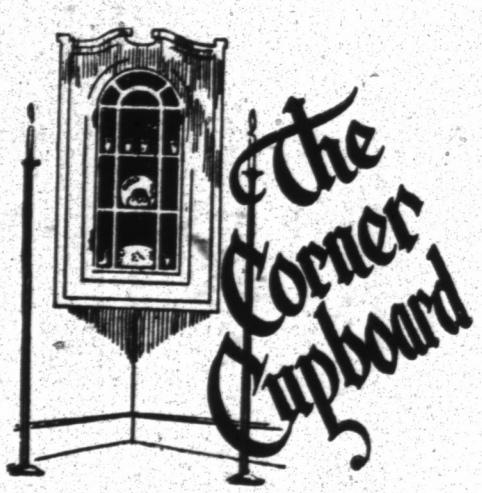

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totalled $8.50. Out of that he had to pay a man a day's wages for picking and the transportation of his ton of plums to the railroad. That's the prosperity of the California farmer the Chronicle would protect through the mystic marvel of Sam Shortridge. The truth is that someone got a big lump out of that ton of plums and the Chronicle, always wrong, and Sam Shortridge, the Republican, are working for that someone. The thing would be sad if it were not so funny.

* * *

THE FAKE OF FINANCE is occasionally a good piece of material for editorial comment. It is exemplified in many and divers ways from time to time, generally manifesting its absurdity. A recent issue of the New Yorker prints a story which has to do with the refusal of the possessor of $10,000 worth of bonds to pay ten dollars a year to a bank for keeping them for him in a safe deposit box. It seems he borrowed five dollars from the bank at a cost of thirty cents per annum in interest, and left his $10,000 in the safe keeping of the bank as collateral for the loan. He then took the five dollars and deposited it in a savings bank at 4 ½ percent, receiving twenty-three cents in interest. Thus the bonds were safely taken care of for the year at a total cost of only seven cents. There is an element of incredulity in the fact that a bank wouldn't lend five dollars—at least, they wouldn't lend it to us, even if we had $10,000 worth of bonds for security; they'd be sure there was something wrong with the bonds—but the principle is there, nevertheless. And our financial editor amused himself the other day for the space of half an huor confusing us with his elucidation of the point that if everybody took the advice of the banks and the government to practice thrift the entire financial structure of the nation would collapse. After a while, because we are not as dumb as we look, we got the thing through our head. He also declared that for every one-thousand dollars withdrawn from the marts of trade and sunk in a savings account, some poor bird with a one-thousand dollar business goes up against the wall. You can figure that one out; we haven't the time. And this, too, he told us: **Municipal bonds actually aren't worth the value of the paper on which they are printed!** They are merely redeemed by more bonds, and someday the man who happens to be holding them will discover that there isn't any city to pay them and nothing to pay them with. Not next week, of course, nor next October, but sometime. And—now listen to some treason—he said that a United States bond was really no good. We fell off the chair onto his hardwood floor. Because, he explained, the United States could do just what Germany did not so long ago, and what would you be able to do about it—if you had a nice clean liberty bond in your tin box or a crisp new greenback clutched in your right hand. You'd just naturally be out-o'-luck. And yet today you may be feeling as up-stage as the "lucky dog" with a fistful of German marks felt some short twelve years ago. All this communion with the spirit of finance may not get by Stella Vincent at the postoffice, but if it doesn't it'll be good advertising.

CITY TENNIS COURTS WANTED

A petition is soon to be presented to the Carmel board of trustees for the establishment of two tennis courts and a golf practice net for the use of Carmel residents and visitors. The petition is being circulated by Eric Wilkinson, who is an enthusiastic golfer and has obtained much support in the plan.

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THE STORY OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS

By MARY E. HAND

(For Twelve Years President of the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts)

CARMEL, known so well and so long as a literary and artistic centre, can surely add crafts work to its other arts for here, gathered from many parts of the world are the lovely handmade things one finds in the Orient and Europe, as well as artistic and useful crafts work produced by our local artists—for only the artist can create.

When the Arts and Crafts Club was young, a discussion arose as to the name, some of the members contending that Art applied to painting only. It was finally settled by accepting the meaning of Arts in its broadest sense, and the name remained "Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts".

Owning no club house, exhibitions, up to 1906, were held in the bath house or hotel lobby.

Then the Carmel Development Company, always generous, presented the club with a small building, originally an office, and about 24 by 26. This was located on Ocean avenue near Junipero, and in it was held the first large crafts exhibit. This exhibit was of Russian peasant handspun and embroidered linens, and quaint shaped coppers and brasses.

At this time, 1906, but little interest was taken by people in general in handmade products, and efforts were being made in many parts of the world by appreciative women to create a demand for handmade work, in order to preserve it, for workers were going into factories where more money could be earned than they could get for their own beautiful creative work.

Crafts workers have always been attracted to Carmel, and one very attractive figure, Mirza Ala Kula Khan, ex-vice consul from Persia, who was spending some months in Carme, decided that this was the place to start a colony of Persian carpet weavers. But as he wanted to locate them in small cottages on the waterfront, the plan never developed, else we might have been known as a craft center many years ago. All this because Mrs. Deming, who has arranged the successful art exhibits through July, is planning a crafts exhibit to open August first in Arts and Crafts hall, thus bringing together the many things found in different parts of the village.

This is a revival of the Crafts Section and we sincerely hope that its activities will continue for many seasons. That the exhibit will be very interesting is assured by the following list of those who will lend their craft work:

Denny and Watrous Studios .....Furniture
L. N. Legendre .....Woodcarving
Daniel Willard .....Sun dials
Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson.....Theatrical sets
Mrs. Alfred Fraser..... Weaving
J. W. Wright.....Press in the Forest products
Mrs. E. G. Kuster..... Weaving
John Catlin .....Wrought iron
Elspeth Rose .....Corner Cupboard products
Mrs. Batiste ..... Modeling

There will also be contributions by Mrs. Edith Hunt Ward, Dorothy Bassett, Florence Baker, Zanetta Catlett, Maude Arndt and Mrs. Minna Steele Harper.

Any one having specimens of hand work, old or new, is invited to exhibit. Please notify Mrs. Deming by phone—Carmel 203.

Let us hope that this is the forerunner of the revival of other sections, so that the club may be alive in all departments.

THEATER NOTES

NEXT SATURDAY and Sunday we are to have the moving picture "Stella Dallas" at The Theatre of the Golden Bough. There will be two showings of the picture each night and a matinee on Saturday.

The press notices on 'Stella Dallas" declare it to be a "magnificent emotional drama splendidly directed by Henry King and made great by the acting of Belle Bennett", but how magnificent and how emotional and how splendid it will be up to you to decide from Kuster's wicker chairs. And though the press agent soars high on the wings of his adjectives in trying to impress you with the wonders of this picture, it does happen to be a fact that "Stella Dallas" is a very fine picture—you can take our word for that and we are no press agent for the film. It measures up most satisfactory to the standard set by Kuster in his selection of films for The Theatre of the Golden Bough.

* * *

George Ball has announced the selection of Harry Wagstaff Gribble's "March Hares" for the August play at the Arts and Crafts Theater. "March Hares" made a big hit on the eastern road under the direction of the Schuberts and is considered one of the best comedies obtainable. The cast will be announced later.

* * *

Readers of the "Ella Cinders" comic strip in the San Francisco Chronicle are looking forward to the moving picture made from it which will be shown at the Manzanita theater on Thursday and Friday of this week. Colleen Moore is in the title role.

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